Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other seruice first,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sayles,
Eftsoones Ile tell why, shall we refresh vs sir vpon your shore,
and giue you gold for such prouision as our intents will neede.

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I haue another sleight.

Per. You shall preuaile, were it to wooe my daughter, for
it seemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone giue me,
For such kindnesse must releeue me:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feates, what shewes,
What Minstrelsie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greete the King; so he thriued,
That he is promised to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenesse sayles are fild,
And wishes fall out as their wild.
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lysimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust command,
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaisa*, at sea in childbed died she, but brought foorth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Marin*
siluer liuery, she at *Tharsu*
teene yeares he sought to
her to *Metaline*, gainst wh
the maid aboord to vs, w
brance, she made knowne

Th. Voyce and fauour, y

Pe. What means the wo

Cer. Sir, if you haue told

Per. Reuerend appe
these very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coast,

Per. Tis most certaine

Cer. Looke to the Lad
Earely in blustring morn
shore. I opened the Co
her, and placed her heere

Per. May we see them

Cer. Great sir, they sha
ther I inuite you, looke, T

Thai. O let me looke
to my sence bend no licen
ing: O my Lord, are yo
like him you are: did you

Per. The voice of dead

Thai. That *Thaisa* am

Per. Immortal *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know yo
Pentapolis, the King my F

Per. This, this, no m
makes my past miseries s
ching of her lips I may
be buried a second time

Mar. My heart leaps t

Per. Looke who knee
burden at the sea, and ca

Thai. Blest, and mine

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